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THE

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by Ronald Steel

Castro and the Church

End of a Hope

by Edward B. Glick

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THE
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A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

TOWARD THE NEW FRONTIER

PRESIDENT KENNEDY has had a number of substantial handicaps to contend with in his efforts to put over his domestic program. The small margin of victory in his popular vote last November deprived him of the claim to a strong mandate on the part of the electorate. The respectable Democratic margins in both Senate and House were misleading—especially in the latter body where the Republicans actually gained twenty seats in the 1960 elections. The strength of the Kennedy forces in the House was further undermined by the fact that Southern Democratic conservatives hold the chairmanship in several key committees.

What was achieved in the way of domestic reform by the first session of the Eighty-seventh Congress is nevertheless considerable. The increase in the minimum wage, and extension of its coverage to additional kinds of enterprise, was one of the biggest steps, although it was obtained at the price of refusing coverage to some of the low-paid workers who most urgently need it. There was also progress in the extension of unemployment benefits and of Social Security, and in the adoption of the Administration's new housing program and its distressed areas bill.

Such constructive achievements have to be measured against what the Kennedy forces failed to put through—much of it embodying new concepts to meet new national needs, or to remedy needs that have reached greatly expanded proportions. Mr. Kennedy has still to overcome Congressional opposition to his plan for medical aid for the aged. He also has failed to obtain authorization for a Department of Urban Affairs which would tackle the deterioration of our large cities. The defeat of his aid-to-education bill, plus the extension of present education-for-defense legislation for another two years, can hardly be ascribed to conservative stubbornness alone, as it was also the result of certain official Catholic opposition.

No survey of the Kennedy Administration's first nine months would be complete without noting the absence of pressure from the White House for measures to advance racial integration. An order to bus companies to desegregate buses and terminal facilities was, however, handed down by the Interstate Commerce Commission after hundreds of Freedom Riders had sought and suffered incarceration by local authorities in the South in order to secure implementation of the law of the land.

WILL THERE be greater chance in the next session of Congress, which opens in January, for the measures that President Kennedy does contemplate: for a new Department of Urban Affairs, for aid to education and medical care? The prospect is uncertain. To build up public support for these measures the President is planning a series of seminars in leading American cities. Cabinet members and other high-ranking officials are to participate with local citizens. Will this supply the drive that has been lacking?

Much will depend on the course of the cold war and the popular mood at the time of the Congressional debates. The House, with its alliance of Republicans and Southern Democrats, is the big problem. Whatever his personal sentiments on these matters, Speaker Sam Rayburn has been kept by age and ill health from lending the President the support he has needed. Mr. Kennedy himself has been assiduous in making contact with individual members of Congress and requesting their vote for his programs, but he has failed to back up these manifold efforts by the sort of appeals to the electorate that could have resulted in pressure through the mails.

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One trouble has been the warmth of the cold war. What made the headlines and stayed there were the thunderous threats of Mr. Khrushchev, the sealing off of East Berlin, Russian space feats, etc. Our national response has not surprisingly been in terms of bigger appropriations for weapons, more Americans under arms and larger sums for foreign military and economic aid. All this intensified the opposition to the increased domestic expenditures.

A key idea of the Kennedy campaign attack on the stagnation of the Eisenhower years appears to have been lost. We have been forgetting the connection between steady American economic growth together with a high degree of social justice and success in the cold war. A renewed public awareness of this vital link could supply much of the dynamism needed to attain domestic reform—especially if the idea is dramatically and insistently voiced by the President.

MR. NIXON'S CHOICE

AS A STUDY in the art of the politician, Richard M. Nixon's career offers many a sad reminder about the dangers of ill-conceived decisions. His unduly confident decision to debate John F. Kennedy turned out to be a disaster. His early campaign decision to tour all the fifty states meant, in the end, that he had to sacrifice concentration on pivotal states. His decision to play the "new" rather than the "old" Nixon role may have been still another mistake.

Mr. Nixon has now made another important decision. By choosing to run for Governor of California in 1962, he has entered a political arena still littered with the bones of the late William F. Knowland, who once made a similar choice. Unlike Senator Knowland, however, the former Vice President had no national platform to return to. Nixon had to choose, and his only choice was between obscurity or a nasty local fight.

Obscurity may, in any event, be his fate. Should he lose—either to former Governor Goodwin Knight in the primaries or to Governor Brown in the elections—his national career will promptly end. While it is very likely that he can overcome Mr. Knight's challenge, the expected aggressiveness of Knight's campaign may simply provide ammunition for Governor Brown. And, at best, Nixon is now given only a fifty-fifty chance of defeating Brown. Mr. Nixon can hardly be overjoyed at these prospects.

The interesting problem which the former Vice President's plight raises is, of course, the implications of his decision for the ambitions of Barry Goldwater and Nelson Rockefeller. On the surface at least, Mr. Nixon's statement that he will not be a Presidential candidate in 1964 appears to pave the way for a show-down battle between the two champions of the Republican right and left.

But it is hard indeed to believe that Mr. Nixon could not find some kind of reasonable pretext for running again despite his present pledge; or that anyone would be dismayed if he did. However, should it appear likely as '64 approaches that President Kennedy would beat any Republican opponent, each of the three men might try tactfully to avoid being picked as the sacrificial victim. In such an event, the spectacle of their attempts to escape being chosen might be something to watch.

CREDIBILITY AND INCREDIBILITY

WHAT DID Senator Margaret Chase Smith want of the Administration in her celebrated speech on nuclear "credibility"? She complained that the recent turn toward emphasis on conventional arms has suggested to Premier Khrushchev that the United States will not use its nuclear capability. "We have the nuclear capability, and he knows and fears it," said Mrs. Smith. "But we have practically told him we do not have the will to use that one power with which we can stop him. We have the nuclear capability—but not the nuclear credibility."

The key consideration here, of course, is how and when the U.S. would or should use its nuclear capability, and Senator Smith made it clear that it should be "credible" to the Soviet Union that the U.S. might *initiate* nuclear warfare over Berlin. We have played into Khrushchev's hands, mourned Mrs. Smith, by turning to conventional arms, "the kind of warfare in which he knows he can beat us." What Mrs. Smith wanted to remedy this situation, presumably, was nothing less than a policy statement from the Administration that it would not hesitate to meet non-nuclear attack with nuclear counterattack.

It does not seem to us that Mrs. Smith got such an explicit pledge in the vaguely worded statement of Senator Stuart Symington or Attorney General Robert Kennedy or Air Force Chief of Staff Curtis LeMay. But it is disturbing that she and her "tough line" supporters say now that they are "reassured on the question of our nuclear "credibility." For

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if there is any basis for this "reassurance" that the U.S. would initiate nuclear war to preserve the status quo in Berlin, then there has been a fundamental, cataclysmic change in the nation's professed nuclear policy and in the moral justification for that policy. Furthermore, the change will then have come about without national debate and discussion, without even public understanding of the issue, but overnight, in a kind of military footnote.

We cannot believe that this is so. We find it hard to believe that Mrs. Smith could have thought it through and really wanted it so. The more likely explanation, we think, is that she and other "get tough" Republicans do not actually believe that the U.S. should ever initiate nuclear war but only that we should say we might. If this is true, we may be able to think better of Mrs. Smith's moral sense, but worse of her foreign policy judgment.

It is, has been, and must be incredible that the U.S. will initiate a nuclear exchange. The Soviets know this, as Mrs. Smith says, and that is why they have been unimpressed by the patently incredible nuclear "tough talk" indulged in by President Eisenhower, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles and sometimes lately by President Kennedy as well. That is why it is necessary, as Mr. Kennedy has also said, to find another alternative besides nuclear holocaust or surrender. That is why political as well as military responses must be available to the Allies in the cold war with the Soviet Union. And, on this subject, we do not concede, as Mrs. Smith does, that we are helpless before the Soviets if we do not brandish our nuclear arms. To concede this is not the bravery and firmness she calls for; it is defeatism and hysteria.

Tough talk which is not sincere or realistic is not a sign of strength but weakness, and "credibility" is not likely to be enhanced by resorting to palpable lies and bluff. The security of the United States and its allies must rest on something real; it cannot be entrusted to the deterrent power of empty threats. Contrary to Senator Smith, the Administration should not follow a policy which amounts to crying nuclear wolf, but should convince the Soviets of Western determination by telling them we will do that which we *will* do, come what may.

BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE

WITHOUT DOUBT, one of the most significant developments within the Church in our times has been the emergence of a vital Biblical movement. The impact of this renewed interest in the Bible can be seen almost daily in our liturgical life, our ecumenical activity, and even in the presentation of Catholic theology.

With this background in mind, we can hardly fail to be distressed by the fact that a small minority of theologians have lately become very vociferous in their attacks on recent Biblical scholarship. The attacks are often sharp and personal.

For the most part, the debate has been a private affair among theologians. However, with the publication of a *Monitum,* or warning, to Biblical scholars by the Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office on Biblical scholarship, the issue came more into the open. The warning itself—which was quite mild in tone—dealt with the need for prudence on the part of those in particular who attempt to popularize recent scholarly advances.

A much sharper comment came from Ernesto Cardinal Ruffini in an article which appeared in *L'Osservatore Romano.* In the article he scored what he takes to be a "hypercritical spirit which departs completely from the traditional teachings of the Church" to be found among many Biblical scholars.

Nevertheless, it would, we think, be a serious mistake for anyone to believe that the Biblical movement is in any serious danger at the moment. And it would be equally unwise to assume that Cardinal Ruffini's position is shared by many other members of the Curia. Indeed, the very mildness of the *Monitum* was taken by many of the scholars under attack to be a good sign that the Church itself was not willing to go nearly as far as individual critics.

In our country, an indication of where the generality of the scholars stand was vividly illustrated by a resolution passed by the 24th annual meeting of the Catholic Biblical Association of America held recently in Cincinnati. Singling out the *American Ecclesiastical Review* for special censure, the resolution condemned those who, without offering specific evidence, called into question the ability and integrity of the Biblical scholars.

In our times, the Church has been singularly free of those acrid and scandalous debates which often marked past theological disputes. We can only hope that the present disputants will not forget the wise words of Pius XII in his encyclical on Biblical Studies, *Divino Afflante Spiritu*: "All, moreover, should abhor that intemperate zeal which imagines that whatever is new should for that very reason be opposed or suspected." Some apparently have forgotten.

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FOREIGN POLICY AND DISSENT

PRESIDENT KENNEDY'S address to the United Nations struck me as a very good speech indeed. It was, I thought, imaginative without being utopian, thoughtful without being irresolute, firm without being pugnacious. In short, it seemed like the work of the man I thought I saw in President Kennedy before the Cuba disaster shook my confidence.

I will, however, leave discussion of the President's proposals before the United Nations to others. What interests me here is that some Washington reporters say Republican criticism of Administration foreign policy can now be expected to slow down or disappear as a result of the talk. And this puzzles me.

Rightly or wrongly, Margaret Chase Smith seems to feel that Mr. Kennedy's speech has removed her worries concerning Berlin. But I find it hard to believe that this one talk by President Kennedy has disarmed all of his critics. Why should they now be silent?

This whole question of foreign policy debate seems to me a problem. Lacking a long tradition to guide us, we have so far just not got the hang of it.

We say, for example, that "politics ends at the water's edge." This statement is normally taken as an expression of patriotic virtue, but exactly what does it mean and how helpful is it? It is true enough that Americans are in general united on our present foreign policy goals, at least if these are stated in large, general terms. But should this imply an end to politics, which involves a search for means?

The thrust of the Soviet Union toward total power should be met, of course. But how? How is the cause of freedom to be advanced? How can Castro be dealt with and the spread of *Fidelismo* checked? Exactly what should we do if the Russians sign a peace treaty with East Germany? These are the hard questions, and saying that politics stops at the water's edge brings us no closer to the answers.

As it is usually interpreted, all we get from the exhortation to keep politics out of foreign affairs is the illusion of agreement. This result may make us feel more secure, but it does not really help us. It only papers over real differences and prevents that discussion and debate which could lead to better policies and a stronger, more effective position abroad.

This is not to demean the original idea behind such slogans, which was, I suppose, national unity. After Pearl Harbor, for example, the one-time isolationists and America-Firsters closed ranks with the rest of the country to back the war effort, and this was a good and necessary thing. But the need for national unity should never be used to silence discussion of the nation's war aims and general strategy. Yet this, it seems to me, is exactly what happened in World War II, and as a result such war-time concepts as total victory and unconditional surrender were never adequately debated.

When foreign policy is under discussion, people talk about the need for a "loyal opposition," although in this country either party can assume that the opposition is loyal. Unfortunately, "loyal" is often taken to mean "silent," and this misreading has the effect of putting an end to discussion before it begins. What we really need—and usually lack—is not so much a loyal as a responsible opposition.

On this score both parties are guilty. The Republicans failed to provide a responsible war-time opposition to President Roosevelt, and I don't think the Democrats exactly covered themselves with glory on this score during the Eisenhower years. Now it is the Republicans' turn to be on the outside once more, and things are not much changed.

On Cuba, for example, I think President Kennedy made a serious mistake. But I don't think most of his critcs have been fair in their comments either. General Eisenhower recently denied that his Administration had any plans for an invasion of Cuba; "all" it did was approve and organize the military training of Cuban refugees. (Are we supposed to imagine that this was some kind of para-military C.C.C., designed only to keep the Cuban anti-Castro forces busy and contented?) But at the same time that the former President was disowning responsibility for any plans for an invasion of Cuba, other Republicans, including the national chairman of the G.O.P., were attacking President Kennedy not for invading Cuba but for failing to use U.S. air power in support of that invasion.

A case can be made for either of these positions. They are, however, hardly complementary, and I don't see how those who try to have things both ways can expect to receive a respectful hearing.

My own idea of responsible criticism is simple enough. I don't think anyone, editorial writer or politician, should urge a course of action which he would not be prepared to follow if he were himself in office. This certainly would rule out the current efforts to have the best of two contradictory positions for editorial effect or partisan gain.

The Kennedy Administration is now a little more than eight months old. During this period whatever intelligent criticism there has been in the foreign policy area has been largely supplied by Senator J. William Fulbright of Arkansas, a Democrat. More power to him, I say, but it does seem odd that the nation cannot get such responsible opposition from the party out of power.

JAMES O'GARA.

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The Cost of Survival

Not even the most optimistic civil defense advocates think that the millions in the target areas could be saved

by RONALD STEEL

FROM BEYOND the pale of the forgotten, the New Frontier has retrieved a moribund civil defense program under the new title of "Operation Survival" and is resuscitating it with a generous transfusion of dollars. Hand in hand with the military build-up over Berlin, the President revived civil defense in solemn tones of urgency, calling for a new $207 million bomb shelter program. The reaction in Congress, where past civil defense programs had been treated as an expensive joke in bad taste, was quick and, considering the circumstances, not unpredictable. Embarrassed by Cuba, infuriated by hijacked planes, and tremulous over Berlin, official Washington moved fast to burrow underground. From a Congress which couldn't scrape together $90 million for the Hanford project to convert wasted steam into electrical energy, nor fight its way out of the school bill impasse, came speedy action to pump new funds into bomb shelters.

Administration officials rushed into the fray, with Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara testifying for the President's crash program which would triple this year's civil defense budget, boosting it to $312 million from $104 million requested earlier from Congress. Close to the Administration's heart is a plan to spend $93 million for surveying basements, subways, abandoned mines, and other underground caverns which could be used as radiation shelter space. Once the survey is completed, the next step is to seek a much larger appropriation for making the mine shafts and basements habitable with ventilating systems, flashlights, and biscuits baked from surplus wheat. The purpose of the survey is to find shelter space for some fifty million Americans, roughly one-fourth the population. This doesn't mean, of course, that these fifty million people would be saved in case of nuclear attack. Actually, as Secretary McNamara testified, many of the shelter-seekers would die from blast, heat and radiation effects before they had a chance to munch their shelter biscuits. "No financially practicable program of civil defense," he stated, "could save an estimated fifty million Americans who might be killed and some twenty million more who could be seriously injured by a massive hydrogen bomb attack." It is assumed that more than a hundred million Americans would survive nuclear attack even without shelters, and "operation survival," at best, offers the hope of protracting the lives of ten or fifteen million people, who otherwise would die quickly, for life in a radioactive landscape with desolated cities, ruptured communications, and shattered social structure.

To streamline the creaking civil defense machine—which for years has been the pathetic brunt of mirth and scandal—the much (and justly) abused Office of Civil and Defense Mobilization is having its job cut out from under it. Shelter, warning and communication programs, previously handled by the O.C.D.M., will be transferred to the Pentagon, and a deflated O.C.D.M. is being converted into a White House unit to be labelled the Office of Emergency Planning. Testifying before Rep. Chet Holifield's House Military Appropriations sub-committee, the O.C.D.M.'s ambitious new director, Frank B. Ellis, has unveiled the Administration's plans for a vastly-expanded civil defense program which could eventually run into billions of dollars annually.

NO SOONER had Congress approved the President's request for the $207 million for bomb shelter surveys, than the Administration came back again for an additional $73 million for food and medical stockpiling. A goodly chunk—some $26 million—will go to accumulate more drugs in various spots around the country. This is in addition to a $200 million medical stockpile already in existence. The ten-year drug stockpile program is expected to cost $750 million—a statistic which the booming drug industry

Mr. Steel, a previous contributor, writes on international affairs for a number of American journals.

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has not been slow to recognize. Most of the new appropriation, approximately $47 million, however, will go to the Department of Agriculture to relocate 126 million bushels of surplus wheat now gathering mildew in storebins around the country. The surplus stocks would be transferred to new storebins on the fringes of 191 metropolitan areas. These bins, according to the program's advocates, will hold enough wheat to feed some ninety-five million people for four months on a steady wheat diet of twelve ounces a day. This assumes, of course, that the bins escape radiation contamination, and that there will be any survivors around to fill up a bushel basket full of wheat. While this curious plan to shift about surplus grain and construct thousands of new silos seems eminently suited to the further enrichment of the grain storage operators, it is difficult to comprehend how such activity will in any way alleviate the disaster of a nuclear attack.

Considering the yawns with which Congress has greeted past civil defense requests, the Administration was prepared for opposition and brought out a troop of witnesses. After setting off the first salvo with the biggest guns, Secretary McNamara was retired and specialists from the Atomic Energy Commission appeared on the Congressional scene. Testifying before the Holifield sub-committee, two A.E.C. officials stated their optimistic belief that "few knowledgeable, intelligent people need to be hurt seriously" beyond the immediate vicinity of a thermonuclear explosion. Explaining that a ten-megaton warhead carried by Soviet bombers or missiles would produce an explosive force 500 times more powerful than that of the bomb dropped on Hiroshima, an A.E.C. official explained that a man twenty-five miles away from the target area wouldn't die from radiation effects until up to an hour after the target area blast. However, with a top-notch shelter he might, if he stayed under long enough, be able to come up eventually and take a look at the ruins.

Congressional opposition evaporated like cities in an H-bomb blast. Critics who had turned thumbs-down on past civil defense spending programs suddenly decided that their doubts had all been a terrible mistake. For some it was like a religious conversion. Rep. George Mahon of Texas, a former civil defense opponent who is now steering the Kennedy shelter bill through the House, explained his new enthusiasm: "Saint Paul was on the road to Damascus, and he was suddenly struck with a great light which changed all his thinking." Because of the growing nuclear threat, Rep. Mahon continued, the House, too, had to change its thinking on civil defense. In a less Biblical vein, Rep. Gerald R. Ford, Jr., of Michigan spoke for many of his colleagues in saying: "We're in a box and we'll probably have to approve it."

Congress probably will approve it, in a panicky but understandable feeling that something has to be done to try to save at least part of the population in case nuclear war should come. Yet despite the $93 million for surveying basements and stocking them with fall-out biscuits and canned water, and despite $10 million to develop a home wall-socket device called NEAR, which would buzz just before an attack, the nagging question still remains whether all this really makes much difference. A survey carried out by the O.C.D.M. for the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy in 1959 computed the effects of a full-scale nuclear attack on the U.S. The survey showed that fifty million Americans would be killed—half of them on the first day of the attack. Another twenty million would suffer severe radiation injuries. The nation's major cities would be destroyed, and most of the country would be bathed in fall-out. Food and water supplies in target areas would be destroyed or contaminated, fires would rage across the land, and the balance of nature would be upset. The earth would be too radioactive to plant crops, and the breakdown of sanitary facilities would spread a pestilence of typhus and other infectious diseases among the weakened survivors. Cancer-producing Strontium 90 and Cessium 137 would rain down for years, and in some areas crops could not be grown for a century.

NOT EVEN the most optimistic civil defense advocates hold out any possibility that those in target areas could be saved. Those cowering in the subway or munching fall-out biscuits in basements would be killed by radiation or blast, or else die of the carbon-monoxide fumes from the fires that raged outside. The only survivors would be those in well-protected shelters far from target sites and distant from down-wind radioactive contamination. For these survivors the world they inherited would be a very different one from the world they left. The nation's highly complex communication, transportation and power system would be destroyed. The great cities, our centers of commerce and civilized life, would be no more. The intricate system of production and distribution would be shattered and the battle for subsistence would become the preoccupation of those who survived. As they buried the dead, as they fought off disease and grew weaker from radioactive sickness, as they built homes of mud, grass and rubble, the living might well envy the dead.

There are those, however, who believe that the horrors of thermonuclear war are much exaggerated. The most prominent of these is Herman Kahn who states that after a massive attack the economy could be "even more flexible than a salamander." In a widely discussed study which has achieved a certain notoriety Kahn has written that even after nuclear destruction "objective studies indicate that . . . though the amount of human tragedy would be greatly increased in the

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post-war world, the increase would not preclude normal and happy lives for the majority of survivors and their descendants."

Without Mr. Kahn's optimism, Congress has been asking a lot of questions about the Kennedy Administration's new bomb shelter bill. Among some of the things the Holifield subcommittee has been trying to find out is just what the nation has to show for the massive outlays of the past eleven years of the civil defense program. Despite more than $618 million spent since 1950—nearly twice the sum that President Kennedy asked for, and was refused, for school construction and teachers' salaries—the nation is scarcely better prepared for the effects of nuclear blast and radioactive fall-out than it was when the civil defense program began. With 1,650 people on its payroll, the O.C.D.M. has done little more than distribute some 479 million pieces of "educational literature" and arrange a series of ludicrous air raid drills.

Critics like Senator Stephen M. Young of Ohio have attacked the O.C.D.M. and its ineffectual, back-scratching programs as a "billion-dollar boondoggle." Late last winter Sen. Young charged: "Through diligent and relentless application of poor planning, confused thinking, and colossal ineptitude, the men charged with the defense of civilians in event of war have managed to squander more than one billion dollars of taxpayers' money since 1951, exclusive of $100 million worth of surplus government property turned over to civil defense agencies. . . . Of the appropriated funds more than sixty percent is siphoned off the salaries and expenses, much of it to the hacks and defeated office-holders for whom the O.C.D.M. has become a convenient and comfortable haven in the political storm."

Except among those who were rudely severed from the government payroll, the demolition of the O.C.D.M. by President Kennedy raised few tears. Most officials have managed to find shelter elsewhere. Former O.C.D.M. director Leo M. Hoegh is now executive vice-president of the Wonder Building Company of Chicago, a manufacturer of community-type bomb shelters—presumably for communal sheltering. The company's sales, according to Mr. Hoegh, have increased ten-fold in the past month.

Following the unwritten law of economic conservatism, the Eisenhower Administration entrusted to the cities and states most of the responsibility for carrying out the civil defense program. Since practically nothing was accomplished by these well-springs of local government, the Kennedy Administration is trying to start all over again from the top. Among the states, New York has been one of the most alacritous in setting up a civil defense program. Under the enthusiastic direction of Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller, who once tried to make the construction of bomb shelters in private homes compulsory, New York State is doing its bit for a healthy survival. At a recent press conference the Governor proudly announced that the state has stockpiled 14,000 pounds of crackers in the basement of the state capitol. These crackers—familiarly known as "fall-out biscuits"—are designed to feed the 1,100 legislators and employees of the state who would seek shelter in the capitol basement in case of a nuclear attack on Albany. The Governor explained that a diet of one hundred crackers a day at twenty calories per cracker would provide a healthy, balanced diet. Although it wasn't strictly necessary for survival, the state Civil Defense Commission also laid in a supply of coffee, tea, nonfat milk and sugar, "primarily for morale purposes."

Even as New York prepared for nuclear holocaust, Rep. Holifield complained in Washington of apathy over the civil defense program: "Many Congressmen won't even read our reports. They dismiss civil defense with a wave of the hand." To instill a sense of urgency into the proceedings, the subcommittee listened to a staff member of the Rand Corporation—a research organization closely connected with the military—warn that the Soviet Union was spending up to $1.5 billion annually on civil defense measures and has an organization of twenty-two million persons. The witness, who visited nine Soviet cities last summer, stated, "The evidence leaves no doubt that Soviet authorities are quite serious about civil defense."

The testimony of the Rand witness curiously contradicted the reports of other observers about Soviet civil defense efforts. Writing for the New York *Times* on July 8, Osgood Caruthers reported from Moscow that the Russians have shown little interest in civil defense. Soviet officials presumably receive every report of American air raid drills with the charge that Americans are suffering from nuclear jitters and that "the death merchants in the Pentagon are stirring up war hysteria."

Despite characteristic Soviet militancy in foreign policy, Caruthers writes: "There are no outward signs of even the most elementary preparations for civil defense against nuclear blasts or fallout. Nowhere in Moscow or any city visited by foreigners can one find signs pointing to shelters. . . . No practice alerts are held in Moscow. Posters giving instruction on the rudiments of civil defense work—how to fight fires and give aid to wounded are extremely rare. . . . There is no propaganda about civil defense." Commenting on reports of Soviet civil defense efforts, Caruthers adds: "A number of experts in the United States have reported "secret" information to the effect that the Soviet Union has drawn up such massive plans, that it has alloted huge funds to the construction of shelters and has mobilized its people in a great preparedness campaign. However, nothing that can be seen, heard or

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read here in Moscow gives even a hint of support for such reports."

SOVIET EFFORTS, or lack of them, notwithstanding, the Administration, with the approval of Congress, is determined to go ahead with a massive civil defense program that is in Rep. Holifield's words "only a start." Eventually, assuming the program is expanded to the levels its advocates deem necessary (the Gaither committee recommended $20 billion for bomb shelters), we can expect in the years ahead to devote a large proportion of our national income and our national energies in finding ways to make life underground bearable. Billions of dollars spent every year for bomb shelters and stockpiling will, to some extent, reduce the cataclysmic effects of nuclear destruction. Advocates such as Secretary McNamara may well be right in stating that the shelter program could "save" ten or fifteen million of the fifty million who would otherwise be killed in a nuclear exchange. Once the nation is herded into the shelters America will, in a certain sense, be better prepared for nuclear attack, but that America will, perhaps, be one in which nuclear war is no longer "unthinkable." When we begin to think in terms of survival from attack rather than avoiding attack, a radical change in our national attitude toward nuclear war and destruction will have occurred.

Ruminations on an expanded bomb shelter program bring sadly to mind the deeply pessimistic study issued last year by the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions: *The Community of Fear* by Harrison Brown and James Real. Discussing the consequences of the arms race, the authors write: "The next phase of the arms race will almost certainly involve great emphasis upon the area of civilian defense. If the arms race continues, as it probably will, its future patterns seem clear in broad outline. As a result of the emergence of the current tremendous capabilities for killing and destroying, programs will be started aimed at the evacuation of cities, the construction of fallout shelters in regions outside the major metropolitan areas, and the construction of limited underground shelters. Increased offensive capabilities will then emerge which will to some extent neutralize these efforts. Larger bombs will be compressed into sufficiently small packages to be carried by I.C.B.M.'s. . . . The new developments will cause people to burrow more deeply into the ground. Factories will be built in caves, as will apartment houses and stores. Eventually most human life will be underground, confronted by arsenals capable of destroying all life over the land areas of the earth. . . . Once the shelter program is under way, it will constitute a significant retreat from the idea of the obsolescence of war."

This grim prophecy, with its vision of man retreating from his cities into dank underground caverns, seems extreme and unduly dispiriting. And yet the planned budget for civil defense has quadrupled within the past few months and indefinite expansions are planned for the future. Behind the sudden enthusiasm for bomb shelters lies the ominous spectre of the arms race.

There is good reason for pessimism. With the full-scale resumption of nuclear testing by the Soviets, and with the inevitable American response of launching our own atomic tests, the uneasy nuclear truce that lasted nearly three years has been destroyed and a growing terror has taken its place. The tension over Berlin has unleashed an impatience and a fatalism with the course of world politics that has confounded even well-meaning men and makes nuclear war seem more likely than ever before in the sad history of the Cold War. When confronted with the spiraling events and perilously shortened tempers of the past few weeks, the hope of disarmament seems curiously incongruous. Like an incantation of the happy ending, disarmament too often seems to be evoked as a dream dimly glimpsed—a heavenly paradise which lies beyond, but is not of this time nor of this place. And yet, like all dreams and visions, the idea of disarmament contains an element of truth that could yet save us from the despair and violence that threaten our common self-destruction.

ADONIS IN PURGATORY

Self-hatred is self-love pardoned.
He who has nothing has everything, once he recognizes the difference.
We lose wisdom and become wise.
When we say we are wise, we speak folly.
To accept another's pleasure as ours, is a pleasure, once learned.
Irritations smooth our roughness.
Self-forgetting is a holiday in the labor of being happy.
We see our little faults magnified in others.
The advice of a fool teaches wisdom.
How can we not forgive, when we know ourselves?
Envy would flatter us, were we not so jealous.
To feel one's own sinfulness is the gracious invitation to become holy.
Misunderstood, understand.
Our sympathy for another defines his for us.
Our heart breaks and we become whole.
Sorrow felt is sorrow expressed.
Loneliness is the beginning of conversion.
Our pulse is the wristwatch we cannot wind.
Beauty is as deep as the heart.
We are the cross we would not die upon.

JOHN FANDEL.

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Castro and the Church

by EDWARD B. GLICK

IN THE CUBA of Fidel Castro *sacerdotium* and *imperium*—Church and State—have now turned against each other. Why? What were some of the ırning points? What happened to alter the earlier fairly ɔrdial relationship between the two sides to the present ne of persistent antagonism? Who will win? What may ıe conflict mean for the Church's future role in Cuba nd the Caribbean? These are some of the questions ıat even casual observers ask themselves as—fascinatıgly, frustratingly—they watch the Cuban Revolution ıce along with dizzying and indelicate speed.

At earlier stages of the Revolution, relations beveen the Fidelistas and the Roman Catholic Church ere almost the exact opposite of what they are today. 'uring the Batista period, for example, the upper ergy sought to curb the regime's excesses in combatıg the rebels; Castro himself was saved from death in)53 only through the personal intervention of Msgr. nrique Pérez Serantes, Archbishop of Santiago de uba. When Castro was actively fighting in the hills, ıany of the lower clergy and Catholic lay people ıught with him.

Shortly after his victorious entry into Havana on ew Year's Day, 1959, his government was recognized ɣ the Holy See. Later the Pope broadcast a message ı Cuba asking each Christian "to give what is above s own needs to those deprived of the bare necessities ! life . . . ." He also received Foreign Minister Raul oa, who assured His Holiness that Revolutionary uba's social and economic reforms are based "on 'inciples of Christianity."

It was in this same vein that Castro once proclaimed a speech to a sugar workers' convention: "The ɔople know perfectly how respectful the Government ıs been in matters of religion. . . For the Revolution ıs not made to fight against priests . . . The Revolun was not made to fight against Churches."

Far from launching complaints against the Revolun, the Church praised it, especially its social and onomic reforms. In May, 1959, Msgr. Evilio Díaz, ɔadjutor Archbishop of Havana, wrote that "in the ght of Christian principles and practice, we beseech ! those who are materially fortunate to do their share assure the success of that fundamental goal that is the hope of a prosperous Cuban people: the New Law of Agrarian Reform." In September, 1959, the Church journal *La Quincena,* which, ironically, Castro took over sixteen months later, printed articles even more praising of the Cuban Revolution, assuring its readers that ". . . our rulers do not deceive the people."

BUT DURING the latter part of 1959 and the early part of 1960, at least some members of the Church hierarchy in Cuba began to have serious doubts about the direction being taken by Fidel Castro. These doubts were accentuated by the speedy executions of real and suspected Batista collaborators, the almost complete destruction of the upper and middle classes, and Cuba's steady drift toward the Sino-Soviet bloc.

By May, 1960, Castro's erstwhile friend and protector, the already mentioned Archbishop Pérez Serantes, was constrained to attack publicly the Communist danger and to ask Cubans to "separate themselves from this implacable and oppressive enemy of Christianity." In a now famous passage he declared: "It cannot be said that the enemy is at the gates because in reality it is within the gates." The Archbishop's statement was significant because it was the first Church condemnation of communism and came after the Cuban Government had declared officially that anti-communism was equal to counter-revolutionary activities, an offense carrying the severest penalties.

On August 7, 1960, a pastoral letter was issued signed by Manual Cardinal Arteaga y Betancourt and all the Archbishops and Bishops of Cuba. It went to great pains to stress the Church's support of the agrarian reform; industrialization; reduced living costs; construction of homes, schools, hospitals, and recreational areas; and efforts to eradicate dishonest public administration, vice, and racial discrimination. The shepherds of the Church were even willing to accept diplomatic and commercial relations with Communist countries, but they were "profoundly disturbed . . . that . . . high Government officials have repeatedly and enthusiastically eulogized the systems of life existing in these nations and have suggested . . . that there are analogies and coincidences between the social revolutions of those countries and the Cuban revolution." The letter ended with the warning that Catholic opposition to communism in Cuba could not be silenced by appeal-

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ing to some kind of "poorly understood civic unity" and the Cuban masses would accept a communist regime only through force or fraud.

On August 9, Cuba's second ranking prelate, Msgr. Evilio Díaz, who, a year earlier had praised the regime's socio-economic program, warned the government that unless there was freedom of worship without heckling and without attacks outside of the churches, religious services were going to be suspended. Within the next few days President Osvaldo Dorticós Torrado scored the Church, press and radio attacks against it were intensified, the Vatican expressed "sorrow and concern" over Church-State relations, and Premier Castro denounced the Church's "provocations" as the work of "scribes and pharisees . . . serving Yankee imperialism and its partner, Franco."

THUS by the summer of 1960 the previous cordiality between Church and State in Cuba had changed to alienation and estrangement, and by the autumn of 1960 to virtual enmity.

In late September, Archbishop Pérez Serantes issued a second pastoral letter accusing the Communists of debasing Catholicism by "Pretending to defend interests never violated by Catholics." Then on December 6, after Castro had charged that Catholic churches and schools were making "criminal campaigns against the revolution" and after another open letter by Cardinal Arteaga and the Cuban bishops, a bomb exploded in La Caridad Church, whose pastor is Bishop Eduardo Boza Masvidal, former Rector of Villaneuva University.

Two days later, on December 8, 1960, Castro made the most severe denunciation of the Catholic Church up to that time. He called priests "Fascists" and "Falangists;" repeated that to be anti-Communist was to be anti-revolution; justified firm state control of radio, press, television, unions, and universities; promised the "destruction of everything old;" and told the Church to stick to religion and philosophy and leave politics to him. Bishop Boza Masvidal, now reported to be in jail, answered Castro on Christmas Eve by writing an article in *La Quincena,* declaring that "when the essential principles of Christianity must be defended, we will speak out without any fear . . ."

The wrathful denunciations of one side by the other —action-reaction, point-counterpoint—have continued into 1961. But the distinguishing characteristics of the conflict this year are the Government's search and seizure of church property and schools and the recently accelerated deportation of both foreign-born and native priests and nuns.

The reason for this drive against the schools, from the Cuban point of view, is simple. Cuba's President, Dr. Osvaldo Dorticós Torrado, gave it perhaps its most eloquent expression. "The teachers today," he declared last February, "must occupy the trenches and positions of combat in education to defend the revolution and its culture" from those who use the schools for "criminal work against the revolution." And the foremost counter-revolutionary enemy in this regard, he said were the Roman Catholic parochial schools of Cuba

As for foreign-born clergy, their expulsion began early in May. It is an aftermath of the abortive American-backed attempt to topple Castro, an attempt he claims the priests aided. The tone was set by the Government radio with such slogans as "Out with the Falangist Priests" and attacks such as "The cassock is soiled with dust and medieval cobwebs. It is covered with the blood of the people of Spain." The radio also quoted Premier Castro as having said that "the word priest is intolerable to the people."

IT IS NOT easy to know the real reason for Castro's initial singling out of the non-Cuban clergy. Though the priesthood is predominantly Spanish, as are most of the nuns, Cardinal Arteaga and many churchmen at the top of the hierarchy are native-born Cubans, and both Cuban and Spanish priests were among the initial supporters of Fidelismo. However, by first expelling the foreign priests and nuns, Castro accomplished a number of things. He fed on the distasteful national memory of Spanish domination. He assured perhaps the permanent disruption of the Catholic educational system. And most important of all, he dislocated, by this drastic reduction of church personnel, the very functioning of the Roman Catholic Church in Cuba. With the native clergy now following in their footsteps the process is nearly complete.

The Cuban Premier has not gone so far as to call for the creation of a Revolutionary National Catholic Church. But he has looked with favor upon a pro-Castro Catholic group called "With the Cross and For the Fatherland," organized by a Father Germa Lance, whom the Church has suspended, a step just short of excommunication. And he and his informatic media constantly talk of "revolutionary Catholics" and "revolutionary priests." What further plans Castro may have to use these groups as a weapon against the established Catholic Church remain unknown.

Second, Castro has tried to "revolutionize" Christmas, replacing the religious theme with a revolutionary one. For instance, some of last year's Nativity scenes showed Jesus' birth in a Cuban *bohio,* or hut, with the Three Wise Men watching over the manger. However, the Three Wise Men bore striking resemblance to Dr. Castro, Major Ernesto (Che) Guevara, one of the Premier's closest associates, and Major Juan Almeida, Cuban army chief.

Finally, the Cuban leader has invoked the names of the Pope and Christ Himself to fend off attacks against his policies. On one occasion he said that those who condemned the revolution "condemn Christ, and the

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would be capable of crucifying Christ because He did what we are doing." He has also proclaimed: "To betray the poor is to betray Christ! To serve wealth is to betray Christ! To serve imperialism is to betray Christ!"

"The Church," Castro has said, "has lived with all regimes, why not with socialism?" And it is true that the Vatican has lived with other regimes, just as it is still trying to live with Castro's. That is why it has not yet reacted with anything like its involvement in, let us say, the question of Jerusalem's internationalization or the overthrow of Argentina's former dictator, Juan Perón. The question is not so much why the Roman Catholic Church cannot live with Castro's brand of socialism, but why Castro cannot live with the Church.

Early in his revolutionary career he supposedly told Guevara that "religion is a powerful force that we can't destroy overnight; that will take time and patience." The key words here are "we" and "destroy." Whatever it is or is not, Castro's regime is a nationalistic and charismatic dictatorship, perhaps even enjoying popular support. Apparently the Cuban dictator is loath to share his control over the masses with a social institution as prestigious and universal as the Roman Catholic Church.

There are other questions that the present situation raises. Will Fidel Castro continue to press his attack against the Catholic Church, or will he pull back? If he does not pull back, will the Vatican mount a full-scale counter-attack using such weapons as excommunication? Will Castro's anti-Catholicism cost him the support of his heretofore staunchest supporters at home? Only recently two of his diplomats in Mexico City defected saying that the campaign against the Church was for them the last straw. Will that campaign also alienate Castro's foreign friends? As long ago as August, 1960, I noticed in Mexico—the Latin American country that on the official level is perhaps most tolerant of Fidelismo—the beginnings of revulsion at Cuba's church policy. A short time ago Mexico's highest ranking Catholic prelate, José Cardinal Garibi Rivera, publicly condemned that policy.

Finally, in a real showdown between Church and State, whom will the Cuban people, poor and badly in need of a social revolution, support? If they support their Maximum Leader rather than the Vicar of Christ, they will badly shake the influence of the Church in other Latin American countries—in, for example, Haiti, which is also involved in a less publicized dispute with the Catholic Church.

These and other questions cannot be answered now. They remain a part of the mystery of Cuba's future. But as past history has demonstrated, the Roman Catholic Church remains a powerful force in Latin American affairs. The vigor of Castro's attack indicates that he recognizes this fact.

THE STAGE

BECKETT'S HAPPY DAYS

IF SAMUEL BECKETT'S new play is rather less successful than its predecessors, its virtues are nevertheless many and its effectiveness undeniable. That question of effectiveness, far more than the meaning of the plays—which are really far less arcane than we have been led to think—has always been to me the interesting one to ask about Beckett's theater. How does it manage to achieve its high intensity and complete conviction—how, really, does it *reach* us—after its apparent abandonment of most of the traditional means of dramatic communication?

Beckett is of course a master of certain classic procedures, especially of the more low-down and kinetic kinds; it is a commonplace that his plays draw from farce, vaudeville, the circus and Chaplin, and that, on the other hand, he carefully, if marginally, observes the dramatic unities. But like Kafka, who created a prose in which realism was a deceptive sea where the strangest fish could swim, Beckett puts the conventions he utilizes into the service of an unheard-of dramaturgy. It is a dramaturgy which appears to be a repudiation of the ordinary purposes of the theater but is actually a miraculous resuscitation of those purposes through a process of purification, deepening and a change of ground.

The miracle lies in the fact that here every element that has been thought to be necessary to the theater's conquest of life—plot, character, movement, linear revelation, the resolution of struggle—has dwindled to a set of notations and gestures, if anything at all remains; and yet life continues to rise from Beckett's stage as it does from few others.

"Happy Days" is Beckett's furthest move so far in the direction of absolute stillness, of a kind of motionless dance in which the internal agitation and its shaping control are descried through language primarily and through the spaces between words. On an otherwise bare stage, under ferocious light, the woman Winnie sits buried to her waist in a mound of earth throughout the first act, and to her neck throughout the second. Behind the mound we occasionally see the man Willie's head or hand. Near the end, however, Willie crawls round and at last comes fully into the sight of the audience in the play's only major physical movement.

There are a good many minor movements, mostly having to do with Winnie and the contents of a large bag. From it come various objects of everyday use—toothbrush, a comb, a mirror, a bottle of tonic—and her business with them imparts both humor and that minimal stir and palpability without which even so

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marvelous a theater of language as Beckett's would lack its necessary anchor. But the language, and the anti-language (one of Beckett's chief supports, as well as one of his main themes is the tension produced by the struggle between speech and silence and by the double thrust of words towards truth and lies) do most of the work.

It is almost all in a monologue delivered by Winnie (who is played by Ruth White in a virtuoso performance of impressive dimensions and nearly perfect fidelity to Beckett's intentions, as a glance at the published play will confirm; Willie's vastly smaller role is only adequately handled by John C. Becher). In it she laments her youth, praises "the great mercies," is by turns frightened, coy, reflective, bitter, aloof, anguished, ironic, joyous, angry and serene. And from it arises a sense of life apprehended in its utmost degree of non-contingency and existential self-containment, with all its cross-purposes, vagaries, agonies and waste, its oscillation between hope and despair, affirmation and denial—a new enunciation of Beckett's special vision.

But Beckett's theater, as has been observed, is one of pairs—Gogo and Didi, Pozzo and Lucky, Nagg and Nell, Hamm and Clov, Krapp and his taped voice—and in "Happy Days" Willie's presence serves Winnie as one of the poles of her address and the distant source of her sorrow and joy. One could say that the theme of the play is their relationship—we know them to be married—and that Beckett is commenting on the abyss between them. Yet in his theater relationships are never explored for their own sakes, not even as archetypes; what is explored is the nature of a reality where everything, including every relationship, is in doubt and tension.

In any case, the slight feeling of disappointment with which I left the play stemmed, I felt, from the inadequacy of Beckett's treatment of Willie. He has none of the contrapuntal quality that we find in the other linkings, and he is too likely to turn the play toward satire or parody. Besides, he is made to perform, in the play's penultimate action, a disturbingly obvious and sentimental bit of business, the only one I have ever found in Beckett.

Still, "Happy Days" survives, a light in the season and a minor brick in the edifice being raised by the playwright who is to me the most valuable we have. If I were asked to identify that value, I could do no better than quote Jacques Guicharnaud, whose essay on Beckett in his *Modern French Theatre* is unsurpassed. After remarking that "Waiting for Godot" is not an allegory, he says what it is in words that apply equally well to each of Beckett's works: "It is a concrete and synthetic equivalent of our existence in the world and our consciousness of it." How rich are we in those?

THE TWO-WEEK run of the Greek Tragedy Theater at the City Center is over, but I don't want to close without some mention of its splendors. The company did "Electra" the first week and "Choephoroi" and "Eumenides" the second—in modern Greek—and as far as I was concerned they could have kept right on through the whole repertoire. But my critic's tickets were actually only for Electra and I tried in vain to buy my way in the next week.

I don't mean to say that "Electra" was flawless. The man who played Orestes did a good deal of ranting, and Clytemnestra and Chyothemis struck me as somewhat wooden. But there was a stark magnificent set with a great flight of steps leading to the palace floor, and an unimaginably exciting chorus which functioned alternately as a single or multiple intelligence and conscience, as a music and a dance.

And finally there was a little actress named A. Papathanassiou who played Electra with such majestic grief and vengefulness that she singlehandedly broke down whatever cultural and linguistic walls there were. I shall never forget the moment when she heard the false news of Orestes' death, uttered an immense cry of sorrow and then, from a height unattainable by physical means, simply folded herself over upon the earth.

RICHARD GILMAN.

THE SCREEN

THE WELL-MET TWAIN

A COUPLE of weeks ago Sol C. Siegel, production chief at MGM, announced that his studio would not make films with racial themes because they did not do well at the box office. By "racial" Mr. Seigel evidently meant "Negro," or else he was forgetting about MGM's latest release, "Bridge to the Sun," the very well-made movie about an American woman who marries a Japanese man; a movie, which, because of its capable cast and fascinating story, should sell tickets with ease.

"Bridge" is about as international and interracial as a film can get; and applause for its success should go to French Jacques Bar, who is responsible for its handsome production, Belgian Etienne Perier, who directed his cast so well, and American Carroll Baker and James Shigeta (born in Hawaii of Nisei parents) who play the leads in the good script written by Charles Kaufman from Gwen Terasaki's autobiographical novel.

The movie starts on a light note as Gwen Harold, a Tennessee girl visiting in Washington, and Hidenari Terasaki, a Japanese diplomat, meet, fall in love and marry after a lively courtship that is complete with

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warnings from their elders. When Terry, as his American friends call him, is transferred to Japan, Gwen finds some of the proprieties, like sitting on the floor and mixed bathing, hard to get used to; and she definitely rebels at being ostracized with the women at Tokyo dinner parties. But the love Terry and Gwen have for each other survives these pitfalls and even greater ones when the picture takes a very serious turn indeed after Pearl Harbor.

Needless to say, the views of World War II in Japan are quite different from those displayed in most movies. Terry, Gwen and their daughter not only share the deprivations and sufferings of the Japanese, increased by Allied air raids, but also gain the enmity of the secret police — because Terry works constantly for peace. Although "Bridge to the Sun" is told mainly from Gwen's point of view and gets a touch soap-operaish at times, the excellent Japanese location shots (especially of Tokyo and Kyoto) and the fine performances of Carroll Baker and James Shigeta as the devoted couple add greatly to the realism.

MORE ON the tough side is producer-director Robert Rossen's "The Hustler," which belongs to the hard-boiled school of film making. Its opening scene, before the titles and credits are flashed on the screen, shows how a hustler operates in a pool room; pool-shark Paul Newman pretends he's drunk and only a fair performer and then proceeds to clean up financially on the hicks who bet against him. Then the picture itself goes on to show what happens to a cocky guy like this when, backed by his devoted partner (Myron McCormick), he challenges a real pool expert (Jackie Gleason) who is backed by an evil entrepreneur (George C. Scott) who never loses. Because the self-assured Newman overshoots himself (no pun intended), he loses and wins and loses in probably the longest tournament in history and certainly the most fascinating episode in the movie.

Before both Newman and Scott get their final comeuppance, however, Paul takes up with an alcoholic girl (Piper Laurie) who desperately needs love wherever she can find it; he brutally drops Myron McCormick, goes to work for Scott, and breaks Piper's heart by trading her in on a pool game. The acting in this grim story is admirable throughout, and Gene Shufton's clear-cut black-and-white photography is first-rate. The main trouble with "The Hustler" is that the viewer has to be a pool fan himself to work up much enthusiasm over the endless competitions and the disreputable people who get involved in them.

UNABLE to make up its mind whether it wants to be tough or soft, "A Thunder of Drums" is a curious mixture of both that adds up to a lot of nonsense. Robert J. Enders gave his picture a handsome production, with plenty of good color shots of Arizona on a wide screen, and Joseph M. Newman has directed the cast well enough, especially the supporting players who successfully convey that army life in the wild west during the Cavalry-Indian wars of the 1870s was no bed of roses.

But unfortunately the film also has a plot—about the conflict between an untried West Point lieutenant (George Hamilton) who is sent to the fort and the fort's commanding officer (Richard Boone) who once got a raw deal from the lieutenant's father, a general. Boone is now determined to make a real soldier of the lieutenant — if the book-trained young man doesn't break in the meantime. The trouble is the lieutenant is such a cad and rotter, even to the point of seducing a fellow-officer's fiancee (Luana Patten), that we lose interest in him long before he learns the tricks of Indian fighting.

No doubt scriptwriter James Warner Bellah knows the mores and combat tactics of this period, but he demonstrates little understanding of people and dramatic characterization. The drums thunder, but all that results, I fear, is a lot of sound and fury signifying nothing.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

OF NOTE

"THE CHURCH IN POLITICS"

WRITING FROM Washington in the September 15 issue of the *Catholic Reporter* (Kansas City-St. Joseph diocesan paper, Box 1037, Kansas City 41, Mo., $4 a year), Norma Krause Herzfeld contrasts Catholic efforts on the subject of federal aid to education and recent efforts to establish a U.S. Disarmament Agency. Her comments, printed under the heading "The Church in Politics," follow:

Many observers here believe that the political pressures generated by the Catholic Church in the struggle over federal school aid will rank among the most significant events of this interminable session of Congress. Never before in U.S. history has the Church so effectively "flexed her muscles in public," as one of the leading Catholic spokesmen put it. The drive gained sufficient momentum in a few short months to scuttle the administration's school aid bill decisively.

The official statement by the Administrative Board of the National Catholic Welfare Conference calling for long-term, low-interest loans to private schools set the pace. Many bishops made strong public statements. Sermons, pamphlets and speeches on school aid be-

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came the order of the day. Catholic newspapers and periodicals were bursting with the school question. Catholic spokesmen appeared before House and Senate committees. Powerful Catholic organizations issued policy statements. Letter-writing campaigns to congressmen were organized.

Criticized in many quarters for this political activity, Church spokesmen replied that the Church had as much right to look after its own interests as any other group in American life. Lobbying for one's own immediate interests or for what one takes to be the common good is an important element of the American political system. The Catholic fight could be termed "for" the common good because it was fought in terms of justice and equity under the law, and because Catholics were defending the right of parents to freedom of choice, i.e., to be able to afford to send their children to private schools.

On the whole, however, this encounter will be looked on in U.S. public life as a fight for the immediate interests of the Church, rather than for the common good, particularly because of the general lack of Catholic lobbying for other great issues affecting the common good.

A current example of such legislation affecting the nation and the world is the effort to establish a U.S. Disarmament Agency for World Peace and Security. This unprecedented step would organize a permanent agency with the experts, funds and authority to study every aspect of disarmament, to advise U.S. officials, and to take an active part in negotiations and control. This is a beginning that must be made if the arms race is ever going to be halted this side of the abyss.

The basic bill was introduced by Senator Hubert Humphrey and Congressman Thomas Morgan, with some bi-partisan support and strong administration backing. Spokesmen for the National Council of Churches, the Methodist Church, the Church of the Brethren and the Quakers put the full weight of their church memberships behind the bill. Because of current Russian perfidies, however, many congressmen did not feel any special urgency about the bill and the going was tough.

Senator Humphrey urged witnesses to get out and contact congressmen about the urgency of the bill and to get "the people back home" to write their congressmen. He told the spokesman of the National Council of Churches to let Congress know that it was speaking for eighty to ninety million Americans, and the Protestant representative promised to use "whatever means we can employ to continue to inform and inspire our countrymen and churchmen" on the bill.

The Quaker spokesman said "eight of our people" were working on Capitol Hill that day, a delegation was coming from North Carolina the next week and they have had "sixty or more working specifically on these things." The Quakers, Methodists and United World Federalists did much of the lobbying to keep the bill alive.

Catholic support was limited to a short statement from the Catholic Association for International Peace, and to the efforts of a Catholic priest, a disarmament expert, who conferred personally with legislators to push an effective bill. A handful of articles regarding the disarmament effort appeared in the Catholic press. It was no secret around Washington that backers of the bill were literally begging for more Catholic support.

There can be little disagreement on whether the Church favors realistic disarmament moves. The modern popes have repeatedly called on the nations to end the arms race. The American bishops have a stand dating from their 1921 statement supporting a disarmament conference called by President Harding, "following, not merely dutifully, but with a full conviction of its supreme importance, the expressed desire of our Holy Father, Pope Benedict XV, that steps should be taken to lift the crushing burden of heavy armaments from the over-burdened shoulders of the people and nations of the world, and gratefully recalling the fact that the Father of Christendom first proclaimed the necessity of united action to secure this end . . ." In this tradition, too, is the Bishops' Committee on the Pope's Peace Points which was established to promote five peace aims of Pope Pius XII, one of which is disarmament.

But none of this background and tradition was presented on behalf of the Church to encourage this U.S. disarmament move.

These two case histories from this session of Congress raise some fundamental questions for American Catholics: Should the Church make a more effective effort to support such "common good" objectives as disarmament, rather than confine its "muscle-flexing" to its own immediate interests? How can it best present and further its own institutional aims and its aims for the nation and mankind without becoming too involved in political controversy? In matters involving technical competence, e.g., disarmament, is it enlisting the assistance of trained experts? Are its own educational facilities producing Catholic experts in these fields? Is the Church informing American Catholics on the relationship between its social doctrine and current problems?

And some questions for public officials: Should Catholic political power be solicited eagerly for some legislative proposals, and condemned when it is used to push other legislative proposals? Should a legislator automatically assume that a Catholic witness speaks for all 40 million U.S. Catholics? Is Catholic testimony really valued for its religious and moral contribution, or is it sought only as an element of power politics?

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A World of Outcasts

by CATHARINE HUGHES

IT IS A little over two decades since Carson McCullers' first novel, *The Heart is a Lonely Hunter,* stirred us to an awareness of a major new talent. Hailed by critics for its "astonishing humanity," for "a sweep and certainty that are overwhelming," Mrs. McCullers followed in the tradition of William Faulkner, adding a poignance and insight, a spiritual depth, that the great chronicler of the Snopes family had perhaps sometimes lacked. And, to a large extent, she accomplished this with a single novel, an almost phenomenally good first novel. Which was perhaps unfortunate, for it is almost a cliché that the good writer, once measured against the greats of the past, must then rise to his own standard in the future.

Mrs. McCullers' technique, both as exhibited in the past and in her new *Clock Without Hands* (Houghton Mifflin. $4.), is very nearly a unique one. It probes intensely the human spirit, yet captures indelibly the sights and the sounds, the sorrow and the tensions of the South she knows so well. Incisively exploring the minds and the motivations, the yearnings and dreams of the young, it at the same time conveys the longing and frustration, the sense of intruding death, of the old.

Yet, despite all of this, Mrs. McCullers has almost invariably disappointed in her later novels. Not that she has ever written a "bad novel," even a mediocre one. Her talent, the dreamlike—almost trancelike—quality of her fiction seemingly precludes her ever being completely uninteresting. Yet, somehow, the reader occasionally finds himself looking for something that is not there. Perhaps it is merely a sense that Mrs. McCullers has seldom permitted her characters to go the whole way, to achieve any final or satisfactory vision of the consequence of their actions. There are, perhaps, too many violent endings; too many questions which are averted by death. And, while it would be wrong to accuse Mrs. McCullers of artificially imposing "shock endings," the result has, on occasion, been very nearly the same as if she had tried to do just that.

The Heart is a Lonely Hunter, published in 1940, when the author was only twenty-two, was one of the finest American novels of the decade. Set in a small Southern town, it explored, as relatively few contemporary American novels have, the universal problem of Twentieth Century man, the problem of loneliness. Here was man set apart, an outcast unable, often, to fathom even himself, yet fiercely desiring to communicate his longing. From the young Mick Kelly, finding her beauty, her only meaning, in music, yet seemingly fated to a lifetime behind Woolworth counters, to the deaf-mute Singer, friend and confidant of all the town's dispossessed, yet known to none of them, all inhabit a world from which there is seemingly no way out, no way of understanding the fate they have been consigned to. The idealistic Negro doctor, forced by ill-health to abandon his quest for equal rights, conscious of what he believes to have been a wasted life; the blustering Jake Blount, fellow-traveler, nearly bursting with his "message," but unable to communicate it to those he aspires to help: they too are denied fulfillment, because they too have been denied the benefits of any semblance of human solidarity.

THE WORLD of Carson McCullers is a world of outcasts; her universe the realm of extraordinary, rather than "normal," happenings. Yet, for all this, she succeeds in establishing a rapport of feeling, an aura of shared experience. Singer commits suicide; he has, in a sense, taken the easy way out. But, significantly, his act of rebellion, of frustration, has already been shown as unnecessary. Had Singer recognized the life he had taken on for others, a life consequently capable of enrichment for himself, he need not have taken his own. It is, on another plane, the problem of Camus' play "The Misunderstanding," the seeming impossibility of human communication. And, as Camus affirms, it is a tragedy which could have been averted merely by saying "It is I." For Singer, as for Jan, it is largely a question of the possibility of being recognized for and, in this case by, himself; a recognition in which he can discover that he is divorced from no man; that behind the facade of indifference lies the desire for unity.

In the novels published between *The Heart is a Lonely Hunter* and *Clock Without Hands,* Mrs. McCullers peopled her fictional world with a series of

Miss Hughes, a regular contributor to these pages, is on the staff of a New York publishing house.

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memorable characters, none of them "average," almost all conceived with what one review of her *Reflections in a Golden Eye* termed a "Tolstoyan lucidity." Save in the young Frankie Addams of *The Member of the Wedding,* it is an almost unchanging pattern of pessimism and defeat. To such an extent, indeed, that *The Ballad of the Sad Cafe,* the title novella in her volume of collected works, is almost improbably accurate. There are few "happy" characters in Carson McCullers' world, yet it is a universe which is somehow not altogether oppressive, for there is transition; there is development and a form of progression even within this lost and lonely humanity. Or at least there had been such a progression and development prior to the present novel.

"Death is always the same," Mrs. McCullers writes in her opening sentence, "but each man dies in his own way." And, in *its* own way, it is a magnificent beginning; an attempt to explore an almost unbelievably difficult theme. And, by this very fact, because it is so difficult, one must admire any writer undertaking it. But strangely enough, it is not primarily on this level that Mrs. McCullers fails. The faults in *Clock Without Hands* are far more rudimentary and, for all her technical virtuosity, they are almost unavoidably obvious.

J. T. Malone, at the age of forty, thinks he is suffering from a severe case of "spring fever," but finds instead that he has lukemia and will die within a short time. How this affects him, his family, the lives of those around him, would seem a sufficiently fertile area for any novelist. And it is this one expects Mrs. McCullers to do—not so much because it is "logical," but because everything in her opening section points toward it. Instead, she succeeds in introducing another group of characters and another plot which, rather than complementing the original, only manage to provide a diversion. Significantly, the diversion becomes a great deal more intriguing than the original.

Fox Clane is a former Congressman—"a glory to the state and the south"—who, living in the past, is also a rabid white supremacist. He is, however, by no means the stock Southern politician, indeed, is probably Mrs. McCullers' most fully realized character. Following in the wake of Fox Clane, there comes Sherman Pew, whom Malone describes as a "bad nigger." With his blue eyes; his shattering recollection of having been sexually assaulted at eleven; a soul which registers "every single vibration that happens to those of my race," Sherman becomes Fox's "general amanuensis," writing his letters; giving his injections, mixing his drinks. Not coincidentally, he is thereby thrown into contact with young Jester Clane, grandson of the Judge, a boy obsessed by the mystery of his father's suicide many years before. A strange friendship springs up between the two boys, one in which Sherman's reluctance is carefully interwoven with the almost homosexual attraction he holds for Jester.

While there is a rather tenuous link established between the Judge's story and the supposed self-realization undergone by Malone, it is essentially so thin as to seem nearly contrived. On either the physical or metaphysical level, Malone is basically unnecessary to the Clanes; yet he is there. And as the chapters alternate between the two, one looks longingly for the moment at which the fictional gears will mesh. The gears never do manage to mesh—except in a conclusion which, when all else has been said, is as unsatisfactory as the entire attempt to establish their inter-relationship.

When Sherman, who has "got to do something" about the plight of his race, buys a house in the white section, all the worst elements of the town are mustered. A meeting is held at Malone's pharmacy at which he sits more or less tacitly by as a bombing plot develops. Only when lots have been drawn and

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it seems that Malone is to be the one to throw the bomb, does he come to an awareness of what has been going on. But Malone has not really been a party to what has transpired, save as an almost passive observer. Like so many Southerners of his generation, he has been a non-combatant. As a consequence, what is seemingly intended as Malone's great moment of truth, the point toward which all his musings on death and after-life have supposedly lead him, somehow falls flat. There has been no real development in Malone, hence his announcement: "Gentlemen, I am too near death to sin, to murder . . . . I don't want to endanger my soul," has a hollow ring. And Sherman Pew's death, though calculated to prove something, accomplishes little.

MRS. McCULLERS has described *Clock Without Hands* as a novel "about response and responsibility—of man toward his own livingness." And, because it is so big a theme, because Mrs. McCullers is so obviously one of a fairly small number of American writers with the potential of successfully realizing it, the reader longs to see her succeed. In the end, however, his hopes are doomed by the conflict which exists within the novel itself and by Mrs. McCullers' inability to focus his attention where she seemingly wished it to be, on J. T. Malone. In saying that *Clock Without Hands* might better have been two novels, one really says relatively little. Perhaps it would be more realistic to admit that, despite its many fine stylistic qualities, it simply doesn't come off *as a novel*. And this, unfortunately, is something even Mrs. McCullers' flashes of genuine brilliance cannot conceal from us.

Brilliance there is, without doubt. For those who have indicted Mrs. McCullers and the whole school of Southern writers for their absorption in what often, for lack of anything better, is termed the "morbid," there can be, of course, no answer. Recognizing what Tennessee Williams has called "an underlying dreadfulness in modern experience," Mrs. McCullers elects to depict it in its own terms—terms sometimes fraught with an almost overpowering feeling of human suffocation in a world beyond control, yet terms ultimately successful through their very irresistible intensity.

In the labyrinth established for the McCullers characters, a world of "no exit," man is caught up in the dizziness of life, is inextricably drawn toward a crisis in which he either recognizes himself or, failing this, is lost forever in frustration and despair. It is a world of either/or, in which there are few half-way measures, where everything is viewed in nightmarish bold relief. Simultaneously unrealistic and yet supra-realistic, it is the unique and unforgettable world of Carson McCullers.

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The Meaning of Christ's Deeds and Claims

CHRIST AND US. By Jean Daniélou, S.J. Sheed and Ward. $3.95.
JESUS CHRIST. By Léonce de Grandmaison, S.J. Sheed and Ward. $4.50.

By LEONARD F. X. MAYHEW

TO DISTILL the essential significance of any important idea, particularly one which has become encumbered with more or less appropriate connotations through lengthy familiarity, is one of the most exhilarating and fruitful operations of the contemplative intellect. The descriptive "Christian" has been continuously invoked in such varied contexts and senses, and represents so many and such crucial values to all mankind, that it is always a prime candidate for such contemplative re-examination.

The immediately evident consideration is that the adjective "Christian" derives from a person, a man who really lived, who really did and said certain things in given places at given times. Hence it will always be essential, in order to weigh the implications of "Christian," to use every technique of human ingenuity to approach and contact in his own person and context this man who is called Christ. It is a very delicate matter demanding enormous caution and dedication. On the one hand, even cursory acquaintance with Christ is sufficient to bear warning that he is no ordinary subject for Freudian depth psychology. His effect on the history of the world, the meaning he has for countless individuals (even those who do not accept his claims) mark him as someone apart, a special case.

At the same time, if the study is to have any validity, it must be rigorously rational and scrupulously honest as well in its use of all the discoveries and techniques unearthed by the sciences of history and language and whatever else there may be. All this taken into account, the effort will still founder under its own weight unless it emanates from a sensitively attuned soul, one alive to the mystery it contemplates and the needs of those others for whom the entire process must have meaning.

Such a task is formidable enough in its own right, particularly so in consideration of the complexity of modern scientific apparatus due to the greatly increased knowledge of ancient languages and culture as well as major archaeological finds such as the Dead Sea scrolls. Yet this is the easier part. For it is one thing to discover (or re-discover) the facts, to correct details of earlier work in the light of new knowledge, and it is quite another indeed to assess and explain these facts. There the task is to cut a clear path through the tangle of conflicting theories and interpretations, to face squarely the questions they raise, to answer their objections, to cull from them what they have of value, and finally to reach a stand consistent with principle and the deposit of revelation already firmly established. This is the demanding task facing the Catholic biblical theologian. Thank heavens for hardy souls like Father de Grandmaison and Father Daniélou.

De Grandmaison, who wrote more than thirty years ago, was a deeply spiritual person, a scholar of note, and before all else a zealous and apostolic priest. In the troubled years following World War I he dedicated his very considerable talents and energy to the formation of apostolic individuals, both lay and clerical, who could penetrate society with Christian values and portray before a disillusioned world, stumbling in the aftermath of the greatest slaughter and destruction history had yet seen, the pressing sense of purpose imparted by Christian faith. In works of theology, in articles, conferences and retreats, he set forth the insights into the person of Christ and the nature of the Church which were the fruit of his own intelligence and contemplation. He was a forerunner of the renaissance of French Catholic intellectual and spiritual activity which is still in very vigorous growth.

In the Preface to de Grandmaison's book, Father Daniélou answers any doubts regarding the worth of re-printing a study of Christ after thirty years. Much has been accomplished in New Testament study in these years and from this advance Father de Grandmaison cannot have profited. Many of his exegetical conclusions are, as a result, outmoded. There still remains of permanent value, however, the personal contributions of this gentle and gifted writer, his insights into the person of Christ, his grasp of the pattern of the Gospels and their place in the operation of the Church, and above all his penetrating exposition of the meaning of Christian dogma and spirituality seen through and in the life of Our Lord. These are some of the qualities which made Father de Grandmaison a master of religious teaching and which give his work permanent importance. They do not cease to be valuable because of the passage of a few or even of many years. This book can still provide the stimulus and foundation for a renewed approach to the person of Christ in our present situation or in any that may arise.

Father Daniélou's book offers a number of interesting points of comparison with the work of his former master. There is first of all the same sense of immediacy, of close and accurate awareness of the reality of what Christ was in human terms. He is able to communicate the urgency and force of what Christ did and said by portraying Him within the framework in which He lived and with the background of culture and religion against which He acted. He eschews lifeless listing and grouping of disembodied texts in easy-to-remember schoolroom categories. The entire pattern of the Gospel narrative provides him with the sense and understanding in unmistakable terms of the meaning of Christ's deeds and claims.

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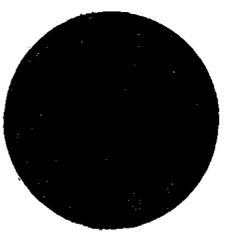
Daniélou brings to his work what de Grandmaison could not, the results of the intense and highly fruitful progress in New Testament research during the intervening generation. As a result he is able to treat every aspect of the study of Christ, to pass from the historical approach to dogmatic theology, to related philosophical questions and to the spiritual significance of Christ in terms of meaning to our own times. This process of development in biblical and theological science is one of the most fascinating aspects of the steady growth of the Church's understanding of its Master and mission. This evolution has not been a matter of doctrinal novelties but rather an organic, step by step, growth in the understanding of given data, greatly speeded by improved research techniques. Father Daniélou's right to speak as an authority has been firmly established by his historical and biblical work over many years.

Christ And Us is a kind of small Summa of Christology. While the author cannot discuss in detail each of the questions he treats, it is a mark of his grasp of the subject that he is able to define so lucidly the essence of each question and to indicate so clearly both his own ideas and those which disagree with his. Of particular interest is the chapter on the historical approach to the life of Jesus in which he discusses both the impact of the Qumran manuscripts and the so-called "myth" theories of Bultmann and the school of Form Criticism. Reviewing the historical evidence for the Gospel narrative and the whole pattern of Christ's words and activities, he demonstrates the inevitability of having to face the real question which is theological—the validity of Christ's claim to divinity.

This is a stimulating book in the best sense of the word. It is the kind of work we have come to expect of Daniélou, fresh in treatment, original in its insights and thoroughly in contact with contemporary religious needs. Together with de Grandmaison's work it will certainly provide the stimulus of a renewed awareness of the person of Christ. It is only from such a constantly refreshed consciousness that we can maintain for ourselves a sharply defined recognition of all that we sum up as "Christian."



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WHEN MY GIRL COMES HOME: A New Collection of Stories. By V. S. Pritchett. Knopf. $4.

By MARIAN SELDIN

THERE IS really only one unbreakable rule for the writer of short stories: he must leave no loose ends. Every word and every detail has to pay its way, since freight rates are necessarily high on a vehicle with little space. It is a tribute to V. S. Pritchett's manner that one feels compelled to read these stories more than once before deciding that he has not been wholly successful in keeping the rule. His tone suggests command, the artist in control of the material he uses. But the stories are too of-

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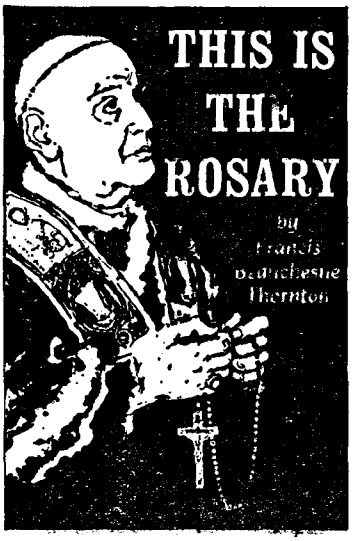

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ten studded with irrelevances and one or two of them seem themselves to be irrelevant.

The title story, which is almost long enough to be a novelette, is perhaps the least successful, even though Mr. Pritchett's thematic intentions come through clearly. It concerns the long-awaited homecoming of Hilda, whose family in London has assumed that she spent the war in a Japanese prison camp, whereas, because of her marriage to a Japanese, she had only been imprisoned after the war by the Americans. Hilda, like the other women of her family, is a practical person, but her practicality has taken an unconventional, exotic turn. She has actually been married twice, the second time to an Indian, and she has been related to other men as "ships that pass in the night." When her aunt tells her, "There are no ships in this house, only Ted," the debate is joined, and Hilda wins it. She stands for the wider, more fully human view which accepts difference and which doesn't need to reduce others to objects of pity before giving them warmth.

But if the theme is clear, the story is not. Apart from a general narrative haziness, there is a rather alarming carelessness as to facts:

A character identified is someone's aunt in one place is described as his grandmother in another; a central figure is thirty-five at the beginning of the story, thirty-eight at the end, though the story's apparent time-span is less than a year. And there are inconsistencies of characterization. One cannot understand for example, why the prim, politically-minded Constance falls in love with a truck-driver, nor, for that matter, what is the point of her political-mindedness in the first place. Finally, Mr. Pritchett's images are often unbearably labored and far-fetched: "His eyebrows grew thick and the way one brow was raised, combined with the side slip of his mouth, made him look like some shrewd man about to pick up a faulty rifle, hit the bull's-eye five times running at a fair, and moan afterwards."

Of the rest of the stories most are in the lighter vein Mr. Pritchett employs to dissect eccentrics, and they move rather unevenly. There are, however, two pieces that are in no way disappointing, stories in which there are no words, no details that resist Mr. Pritchett's shaping. One of them, "On the Scent," is a *tour de force* written in the present tense. But Bunny Manningtree, whom nature has ordained to be the perfect undercover agent, turns everything into the present, as in imagination he compensates for his peace-time emptiness by accomplishing feats of derring-do among the ancient Incas. "The Wheelbarrow," the weightier of the two, is the volume's most successful serious piece. In it a man who loves to destroy and a woman whose past has been self-destructive duel ironically to mutual victory. The story's tone, its symbols, its characters and style fuse to a seamless and, for once, entirely satisfying whole.

To Be Continued

BROTHERLY LOVE. By Gabriel Fielding. Morrow. $3.95.

By MAX COSMAN

GABRIEL FIELDING is, of course, Alan Gabriel Barnsley, a physician of Maidstone, England, and a descendant too of that Henry Fielding who in the eighteenth century founded one of the forms of the novel. Like his ancestor, Dr. Barnsley has a penchant for character, for earthy event, and, above all, for a rational approach to the behavior of human beings. What he adds, obviously in response to his training, is an awareness of motivation that can be metaphysical or Freudian as occasion warrants.

As a result, *Brotherly Love* is an importunate piece of fiction, fitting in, roughly perhaps, but fitting nevertheless into the series of linked novels Dr. Barnsley, or Fielding, is creating for us. Once more, as in the predecessors *In the Time of Greenbloom* and *Through Streets Broad and Narrow,* John Blaydon

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is the perceptive, central intelligence of the book. Once again he grows to some level of maturity. There are vivid scenes along the way: his boyish prank, for example, at grandfather Pall's expense, or, as a medical student later, his initiation into sexual life by Maureen, or, at the close of the book, his mystic experience while praying for the soul of his beloved brother David, fallen to death and unshriven of sin.

It is this David, so reminiscent of his ancient namesake, who stands out among the characters of *Brotherly Love*. He takes the prize for projection even as John Blaydon and Horab Greenbloom took theirs in the previous volumes. Incidentally, the present book's Grantbaum must have had his genesis in Greenbloom. This comes clear not only in their names but in the self-freeing, self-defeating brilliance with which both are endowed.

David, then, is the inciting character of *Brotherly Love*. In his revolt against Mother as well as in his ambivalence toward the church of which he is a vicar, he dramatizes each theme of the book whether it be the present rebelling against the past, will-to-power masquerading as straight-laced morality, or the hind's flight from the relentless Hound of Heaven.

He is ably abetted by those who play foil to him—which is to say the Blaydons as a whole. Fielding responds well to the opportunities that come up but inevitably never so well as in such stirring, symbolic episodes as the exorcism of Mary's illness or the toboggan run at Thornaby Slopes. Nor does he lack for theological assurance. "It's bad enough to sin against God," he has David say somewhere, "but it's infinitely worse, infinitely more hopeless to believe that one can sin only against man."

Manifestly, *Brotherly Love* is a pertinent study of Anglo-Catholic attitudes. It consolidates Fielding's reputation as an incisive, controlled novelist with a gift for evolving personality in secular as well as religious contexts. And it promises, with its companion novels, to put him in a class with other workers in the *roman fleuve*, that is, with men like Anthony Powell and C. P. Snow.

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A Liberal Magazine?

THERE IS A SENSE in which this magazine can only be described as liberal. In this sense, perhaps we should say that we are liberal without the capital "L"—we are liberal in an American rather than a European context. Certainly, many of the goals thought of in America as liberal are our goals, and many of the liberals' battles over the years have been our battles.

We stand for civil rights and for civil liberties, for social justice and racial equality, for international cooperation, for the rights of conscience and the utmost freedom of the human person under law. We support these things, and the means necessary to achieve them. And we have little patience with those Catholics who try to justify their own reluctance to join these battles by citing, out of context, the nineteenth century papal condemnation of continental Liberalism.

Thus it is that we often find ourselves in disagreement with many of our fellow-Catholics, not on matters of faith and morals but on issues involving practical, prudential judgments. An enthusiasm for Generalissimo Franco, for example, seems to be the hallmark of much of the Catholic press in this country, but we have never shared it. In some sections of the Catholic press, almost any right-wing political figure who talks loudly enough seems certain to be hailed as a great and commendable anti-Communist, but again we have always tended to view such men with a certain skepticism, placing more emphasis on deeds than on words.

Hence, we suppose, the designation of The Commonweal as liberal. And in the right context we are proud enough to carry it, even though we would hate to be identified with everything that has been done by some who called themselves liberals—with, for example, those who betrayed freedom by their apologies on behalf of Soviet tyranny before and during World War II. We want no part of such false liberalism, and never did. Instead, this magazine opposed both the Popular Front of the left, proposed by the Communists, and the Christian Front of the right, backed by Father Coughlin and his followers. On this record we would stand, and if taking these positions makes us liberal, we say good enough.

In the future, as in the past, the editors of this magazine will continue, to the best of their ability, to seek after justice and truth in the temporal order. If we are to judge by past experience, our opinions will sometimes be criticized as "too liberal"; at other times they will be damned as "too conservative." But we will always try to avoid the doctrinaire, the pat answer; the opinions that appear will continue to represent what we honestly believe. Our task, as we see it, is twofold: first of all, to stand for truth, and right, and justice, under whatever label they may be found; secondly, to try always to supply that larger context, involving a vision of man and of the meaning of history, without which liberalism and conservatism alike are incomplete.

—from the September 20, 1957 issue

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